We are a few of thoſe collected here
That ruder Tongues diſtinguiſh villager,
And to ſay veritie,and not to fable;
We are a merry rout,or elſe a rable
Or company,or by a figure,*Choris*
That fore thy dignitie will dance a Morris.
And I that am the rectifier of all
By title Pedagogus,that let fall
The Birch upon the breeches of the ſmall ones,
And humble with a Ferula the tall ones,
Doe here preſent this Machine,or this frame,
And daintie Duke,whoſe doughtie diſmall fame
From *Dis* to *Dedalus*,from poſt to pillar
Is blowne abroad;helpe me thy poore well willer,
And with thy twinckling eyes,looke right and ſtraight
Vpon this mighty Morr—of mickle waight
Is—now comes in,which being glewd together
Makes Morris,and the cauſe that we came hether.
The body of our ſport of no ſmall ſtudy
I firſt appeare,though rude,and raw, and muddy,
To ſpeake before thy noble grace,this tenner:
At whoſe great feete I offer up my penner.
The next the Lord of May,and Lady bright,
The Chambermaid,and Servingman by night
That ſeeke out ſilent hanging: Then mine Hoſt
And his fat Spowſe,that welcomes to their coſt
The gauled Traveller,and with a beckning
Informes the Tapſter to inflame the reckning:
Then the beaſt eating Clowne,and next the foole,
The *Bavian* with long tayle,and eke long toole,
Cum multis aliis that make a dance,
Say I,and all ſhall preſently advance.

Theſ. I,I by any meanes,deere Domine.

Per. Produce. *Muſicke Dance.*

Knocke for Schoole. Enter The Dance.

Intrate filij, Come forth,and foot it,
Ladies,if we have beene merry
And have pleaſd thee with a derry,
And a derry,and a downe

Say